The New Unity

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PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Contents

EDITORIAL. Page.

Notes; American History for Americans..... 369

Non-Sectarian Churches; Editorial Correspondence; The Tower Hill Institute..... 370

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

Regeneration (*verse*); Brahmanism, by CHARLES DE B. MILLS..... 371

A Rule of Growth; Hyper-Criticism, by REV. J. W. CALDWELL..... 373

Science..... 374

THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT.

Faith and Criticism, *translated from* PROF. STEINTHAL..... 375

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living (*Robertson*); Butterflies (*verse*); What Was His Creed? (*verse*); Tiny Tim; The Treasure, by MARY KEYES..... 377

THE LIBERAL FIELD..... 378

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL..... 378

THE STUDY TABLE..... 378

MISCELLANEOUS..... 381

ANNOUNCEMENTS..... 384

Editorial

Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must; when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining, —we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the east again, where dawn is."

—Emerson.

UNFORTUNATELY the paper on Brahmanism referred to in our editorial notes last week was crowded out. It will be found in this issue.

THE wise words from *The Outlook*, given in another column under the title, "A Rule of Growth," have not always been observed by our benefactors and helpful friends,—they have not even been observed by all the contributors to THE NEW UNITY,—but their value is not the less certain; and we hope that to our younger readers they will be helpful, even though it be too late for them to be of much service to some of our older friends. Carefully weighed, and not so superficially read as to be made an excuse for indolence, they are full of helpful wisdom.

WE are pleased to learn that the Pasadena, Cal., Universalist church, the pastorate of which Miss Florence Kollock has just retired from in order to return to the east, will in future have the ministry of Rev. W. M. Jones, who has recently been at San Jose, but who is better known as the former pastor of the Universalist Church at Columbus, O. Some of those who met during the Parliament of Religions to start the Liberal Congress movement will remember the quiet, earnest gentleman who felt so deep an interest in this struggle for the larger fellowship, and whose work at Columbus presages well for that at Pasadena.

ADVANCED sheets of the first number of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society's *Nature Studies* has reached the office of THE NEW UNITY, and it is a very attractive little paper. Readers of THE NEW UNITY have already seen in our Sunday School columns an outline of the course of study, entitled "Mother Nature's Children," which this little weekly paper is planned to further. It is a seven-by-ten, four-page paper with Sir Edwin Landseer's cradle scene in a Scotch cottage as a frontispiece, and with four other illustrations, showing respectively the nests of the humming bird, the oriole ("babies in a bag"), the titmouse ("babies in bottles") and the African weaver. The pictures are interestingly described and pretty stories are told of the housekeeping of the birds, their affection for each other and for their offspring being kept constantly before the mind, and the last half-page is devoted to suggestions to teachers using the leaflets. These suggestions will be found in our Sunday School column. The motto of the paper is an admirable one, and is taken from Emerson,—"The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship." The subscription price of this little weekly is put at seventy-five cents a year, or two cents a copy, and it may be ordered of the Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. If Mr. Gould shall be able to put such loving care into the preparation of the succeeding numbers as he has put into the first, the success of the series would seem to be assured. The liberal churches of the west are very fortunate in having to work for their Sunday Schools a man whose heart is so thoroughly in this work and who, moreover, has at home a little girl of just the right age to teach the teacher.

American History for Americans.

The decision of the Chicago School Board to insist that American history shall occupy a larger place in the school curriculum is of interest to all the people of America. It is no longer true, as Wendell Phillips once said, that "one half of history is mere conjecture, and much of the rest is the writer's opinion." The history of a man is the life of a man—a vital process; and so is the history of a people. The old-fashioned historian wrote as a special pleader; it is difficult for the modern writer to escape the same blunder. Half a dozen of our most brilliant writers of late have undertaken to write a history of America. Each one begins with a calm judicial tale; but no sooner does he touch the question of slavery or tariff than he writes as a sectionalist. Jefferson Davis wrote a history of the short-lived Confederacy, from a southern standpoint. But American history cannot be written by southerners or by northerners; it must finally be written by men broad enough to be Americans.

Another trouble has been that as a self-governing people we conceive the history of politics to be practically the body and soul of our history as a people. In fact, our politics have not composed our history, not nearly so much as the wars of England have been English history. Our real national life has consisted in social, industrial and educational affairs. Fortunately a race of writers has risen which begins to apprehend this. McMaster said I propose to write a history of the *people* of America. While not neglecting the political flow of events he has kept his word. Fiske and Andrews have given us in turn a new sort of handbook of national life. These are not mere school books, but home books as well. They should be in the family library, and should be read in the family by all the family. History should not be a memorized study, but read and discussed in such a way that it cannot be forgotten. The works I have named are furnished with maps; and their style is gossipy and familiar. A successfu

teacher is not the one that can bring a class up to examination, ready to repeat passages, or give stereotyped replies, but he is successful who can fill a class with enthusiasm. When he has accomplished this the pupils cannot forget if they will, whether the topics be history, art, or science. I have named three writers of American history who have approached the idea as writers; but they are also to be classed as teachers and are equally notable in either classification.

Let the school boards everywhere wake up to the need of more knowledge of the national life on the part of the young citizen. My own plea for more American history is that we are a peculiar people; and compelled at every step to draw conclusions concerning questions of momentous import.

Self-government is possible only as we comprehend the dangers that lie in the way of an effort at self-government. The difficulties met and mastered by the founders of our institutions—the experiments already made in finance, in tariffs, in legislation for reforms—should be comprehended, so that we shall not be led into repeating old blunders, and moving in circles. The fact is, our national life is one life. We live today a part of the same existence that was lived by John Adams and James Madison. The Monroe Doctrine rises before us again and again every few years. Washington's policy of non-intervention has to be recalled almost as often. Jefferson's views of education have even yet to be worked out; and are being worked out. So we say, for the political life as well as the moral life of the American people, give our boys and girls a thorough comprehension of the social and political and the industrial systems into which they are born; in order that they may lead on wisely toward a higher future.

E. P. P.

Non-Sectarian Churches.

It might seem, at first thought, that a liberal audience, gathered by the Congress in the manner indicated week before last, would be a very heterogeneous, unmanageable, impracticable, impossible kind of an audience to deal with, and that a congregation in which all bear one name, or hoist a denominational banner, would be much more harmonious. Curiously, this is a mistake. Yet one would scarcely have suspected it. There is a reason for it. It is this. If the old occasions of antagonism be dismissed, *viz.*, the insistence on sectarian names and sectarian doctrines, it is gratefully surprising to see how much at one the common human heart and common human mind will be as to all that is good, true, helpful and desirable in religion. There is essential unity in all this in such an audience. It is because the work is done on the basis of the universal elements of religion. God is the author of these. It is man who invents the doctrines that divide.

I verily believe that there is not as much unity in the orthodox churches themselves on the things they profess to stand for theologically as in these liberal gatherings where the end sought is a common humanity, mutual help and well-being, truth, goodness, nobility of spirit, fraternity, and where it is recognized that each individual is independent and free in this search for truth, and that no one, not even the minister, shall dictate. On this new plan the old causes of disagreement and division are simply dismissed, and people become helpers, rather, one of another. The church becomes a school; not an Ark of Safety whose keel, ribs, masts, sails, engine and rudder, no matter how worm-eaten with age, are dogmas to be rigidly and without divergence adhered to, lest all go to the bottom. In this latter case, of course, when the captains become dictatorial and imperative, as they always do, protests and revolts, silent and otherwise, spring up into armed men, like the serpents' teeth in the furrows of Jason at Colchis. A church organized and administered on right principles would by its very constitution prevent the birth of these "armed men." Colleges and universities are not filled with warring, sectarian parties and heretics. It is because teachers and pupils are both equally free. So they ought to be in the church, which should be the school of schools on the side of the moral, spiritual and mental life.

A. N. A.

Editorial Correspondence.

The Tower Hill Institute.

We are halfway through the Institute here. At Chicago headquarters it seemed scarcely feasible this year to have an Institute at all. Indeed, in the counsels of the Sunday School Society, it was once abandoned, until a second thought summoned us to our original plan and it was determined to round out that Six Years' Course of study as originally outlined with a summer institute. Facts have already justified the "second thought." Seven ministers have already been at our meetings and at least four more are expected. The attendance, although the advertisement was shorter than usual, has been about the same as previous years, the interest intense. The experiment of making the evening lectures a part of the course of study and the following morning conference a discussion of the same subject, works well. The institute this year began with the Sunday meetings August 4th, at home in the Emerson Pavilion, instead of in the Loomis Grove near Lone Rock, fourteen miles away. It was a beautiful day and the services were of the kind that leave a blessed memory. They made for peace and earnestness. In the morning Mr. Gould gave a memorable sermon on the "Upper Current," showing how the trend of nature, when studied on long lines, is in the same direction as the moral aspirations of man; that the difficulties we encounter in the spiritual life only testify that the human soul and intellect hurry things along. Rev. S. P. Loomis, of Lone Rock, followed Mr. Gould with a heartfelt "improvement." After a quiet dinner under the trees out of the baskets, Mr. Jones gave his lecture on "The Parliament of Religions and What Next?" with variations to suit the locality and the day. There was a helpful service, song and greeting. Teams came from Dodgville, eighteen miles away, as well as from nearer points.

Monday night Mr. Gould gave the opening lecture in the course on "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion." His topic was "How Religions Grow.' The next morning the same topic was the subject of a lively discussion, which was further fertilized by the reading from manuscript of the first lesson which Mr. Gannett has prepared for the next year's course, which it is designed to print for distribution among the schools. The only criticism that the lesson elicited was its superabundant excellence. If life and strength are given Mr. Gannett to complete this course of thirty-five or forty lessons up to the standard of the first two samples we have in hand, he will not only give to Sunday schools a rich course of study, but he will make a contribution to the history of religious thought that will command wide study everywhere. On Tuesday night Mr. Simonds, of Madison, gave to a good audience a sympathetic, scholarly study of Giordano Bruno, as perhaps the noblest and ablest of the martyrs of the liberal faith. On Wednesday evening Mr. Shutter told the story of the Universalist Protest, showing how what first began as a recoil from hell is slowly ripening into an earnest effort to ameliorate and ultimately annihilate the existing hells that visit misery upon men and women in this world. Thursday night Mr. Jones spoke of the triumph of Theodore Parker inside of the Unitarian movement, and Friday night of Thomas Paine, and by way of contrast he concluded with an estimate of Ingersoll.

The morning discussions have been greatly enlivened and strengthened by the presence of Mrs. Florence Kelley, State Inspector of Factories for Illinois, and Rev. Mr. Brown of the Unitarian Church at St. Cloud, Minn. Later along we may perhaps be able to give in The New Unity some of the quickening points over which we have struggled, but we shall wait until it is over with. Today (Saturday, August 10th) we are resting. Tonight there will be a social dance at the pavilion. Tomorrow will be Temperance Sunday and the forces of the W. C. T. U. of the State of Wisconsin will come into frank and cordial contact with this band of liberals in the interests of a common cause. The weather has been warm, but we have had rains, and the new windmill on the top of Tower Hill causes springs of water to flow at each cottage door. While some are going and some are coming, we will withhold further comment and close by sending the greetings of the editor in charge as well as the greetings of the denizens of Tower Hill to our fellow workers of The New Unity band everywhere.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Regeneration.

He journeyed far, and late did say,—
"There is no joy in earthly things,
Fragile each toy that passion brings."
With hands to head, he knelt to pray.
"O, Mighty Mother! I am clay,
Shape me anew to nobler things."
Past gnashing teeth, past flashing wings
He heard a voice e'en stars obey.
It said: "*Awaken! Thou cans't lay*
Each sense aside when seeing springs.
It is through being men are kings.
Tho soul alone may joy survey."
He hearkened. Where, but late, the day
Was filled with dross or mutterings,
His voice pours gladness. On his way
Comes light divine through common things.

GEORGE LASHER TAYLOR in "*Chips.*"

Brahmanism.

BY CHARLES DE B. MILLS.

Emerson has said, speaking of Emanuel Swedenborg, that in modern times no such example of the introverted mind has been seen, as in him. We may remark, speaking of peoples, that among races in ancient times and in modern also, history has no second example to show such as that of the Hindus, and particularly the ancient Hindus, for introversion and all that that implies, in withdrawal from interest in and connection with the world visible and known to the senses.

"The ancient Hindus," says Prof. Max Mueller, "were a nation of philosophers such as could nowhere else have existed except in India, and even then in early times alone."

"Taken as a whole, history supplies no second instance where the inward life of the soul has so completely absorbed all the other faculties of a people."

They have evolved six complete systems of philosophy, as well as a literature rich in poetry, epic and lyrical, and in science also, in some of its departments among the most extended and replete with interest of any in the world. Never has the human mind laid upon itself greater tasks, never toiled more perseveringly or nobly for their high accomplishment. Wendell Phillips once declared that the great problems of metaphysics, the knotty questions in philosophy, those unanswered conundrums in thought that do perpetually pique and puzzle the human mind, "were debated to rags" in the forests of India, and this hundreds of years before the opening of the Christian era. This all implies age, centuries of studies, growth, ere such ripeness and wealth of speculation were possible.

It is not to be inferred from this that the Hindus were wholly indifferent to the mundane relations, or oblivious or renunciatory of the claims of the living, moving world about them. They manifested no mean skill in the sphere of economic industry. Some of our best inventions we owe to them. The spinning wheel, one of the greatest boons to civilization, appears to be the gift of India. Our numerical figures, some scholars affirm to have come down from that source. The skill manifested in certain departments of textile art, is wonderful, and those incomparable fabrics, called Dakka muslins, sometimes characterized as "webs of woven air," are the surprise and the admiration of the world. The Hindu mathematicians in early times excelled all other peoples in the depth and subtlety of their inquiries and researches. "They reached a stage of algebraic science," says Weber, "which was not arrived at in Europe till the close of the last century; and if their writings had been known a century earlier, they would certainly have created a new epoch." The Hindu physicians had such knowledge and skill as, in the time of Alexander, to win the admiration of the Greeks. They studied with great success the qualities of minerals and plants, and greatly aided by their researches the Arabians, who were the fathers of European medical science.

It was a nerve of finest fiber, a brain of wonderful mental power, that these early people possessed. The genius of the Hindus,—we speak now particularly of the Brahmanic class,—went preponderantly to intellectual abstraction and withdrawn meditation; and whatever belonged to or rested mainly in these, they always affected. "Whatever they may have accomplished in astronomy and medicine," says Samuel Johnson, "an ideal generalization was always easier to them than an observation." Their distinctive quality is here; the legacy they have left the human race and are to be known by mainly in history, is, on the side of the intellect, this, of having been the leading mind of the world in whatever appertains to penetration, subtlety and nice discrimination, in the sphere of metaphysical research.

It was not only an exceedingly intellectual cast of mind; it was deeply, superlatively *religious*. "There never was a people," says Mueller, "so supremely interested in the other world or so little concerned about this. Their existence on earth was a problem; their real and eternal life a simple fact."

The thought soared instinctively to the One, dwelt in abiding and eternal.

"To the world of unfading Light, where sunshine itself hath its home,
Thither bring me, O Soma! where no harm and no death ever come!"

"Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure reside, where the desires of our desire are attained, there make me immortal!"

The greatness in the theme makes the greatness in the expression. Max Mueller says, speaking of the Upanishads, certain philosophical writings, some of them of a high antiquity,—"There are passages in these unequaled in any language for grandeur, boldness and simplicity."

They celebrate the One, the Sole, the Everlasting. They revel in contemplation of the real and abiding, the supremely beautiful and true. They withdraw, sever themselves from all the absorptions, annoyances, the anxieties and hindrances in this world of Time. The steps of ascent, or rather of approach to this supreme and ethereal vision, they describe, till we seem to be carried up a height too giddy for feet to cling to, to an air too rare to permit any respiration. It was a getting out of time and space, out of the body, to think, behold and possess.

"The indestructible One is verily without form, or life, or mind, or origin, self-existent spirit."

"Unseen He sees, unheard He hears, unknown He knows."

"He does not move, yet is swifter than thought; never have these gods, the senses, obtained Him. He was gone before. In His rest, He outstrips them. He is far, yet also near. He is within this All, yet beyond it."

"They who know Brahma in this universe as different from it, become free."

And the liberation that comes, is celebrated in one of the Upanishads in this wise:

"Whoso worships God under the thought, 'He is the foundation,' becomes founded; under the thought, 'He is great,' becomes great; under the thought, 'He is mind,' becomes wise."

Sir William Jones renders this concept and aspiration of the old Hindus well in the hymn he gives us under the name Narayena,—Spirit of God. The closing lines are these:—

"My soul absorbed one only Being knows,
Of all perceptions one abundant source;
Whence every object, every moment flows;
Suns hence derive their force,
Hence planets learn their course;
But suns and fading worlds I view no more,
God only I perceive; God only I adore."

It was the most abstract, sheer, unqualified monism that can be conceived or imagined. The mind cannot farther go in such direction, than the Hindus penetrated. Essentially we find it again in the One of the Eleatics, in the Substance of Spinoza, in the Absolute, or the Naught (no thing) of Hegel.

Speculatively such a concept carries to an infinite negation, and the thought goes bewildered and lost in a bleak, boundless, lifeless desert, a waste unrelieved by aught that eye or ear or even imagination can know. One is reminded of the declaration made by a certain one among its critics, of the Spinozistic philosophy,—covering in its presentation a statement so clear and one so cogent in its logic, so rigorous in its demonstration, that no one has ever yet been able by argument to refute it, and at the same time there has never been any man who practically could accept it:—"The substance of Spinoza has justly been compared to the lair of a lion, which many footsteps enter, but from which none emerge." Only as the mind can encounter the determinate, the concrete, can it gather and recover itself; indeed only on such condition can it know or have consciousness at all. It was this recognition of the utter barrenness and hopelessness of such metaphysics, their paralyzing, asphyxiating effect upon the mind, that led Buddha to dismiss the speculation, as he is reported, with the declaration, "The questions of being and not being do not admit of discussion."

To this depth of absorption, and quenching of the power of perception, sinking all the thought in the naught, the Hindu mind, we may perhaps say, did not go; but from the descriptions we have of the withdrawals and self-annihilations of the Yogis, we may believe that it came near as possible to making the attempt. The results which followed practically, traced in what Brahmanism became, long was, and still in great degree is, are known, and need not even be named here. They are of value for admonition of the swift, sure penalties that nature has ever for those who attempt to overleap or annul the great necessities she has imposed upon all minds.

Fruitless, and also fatally harmful, as is the central thought of infinite and invisible, when made an object of speculative pursuit, of attempt to follow, sieze, grasp, or behold in the mind,—leading but to inanition and intellectual death,—it yet has an office of most vital import to discharge when taken under its true application, or in relation to the practical in life. It is admonitory, corrective, restores the disturbed balance instantly in the press and intoxication of business and affairs, giving health and renewing to the perturbed, harried, fevered

spirit. It uplifts, enlarges, calms and assures. It is a perception, a consciousness, says an eminent French writer, as salutary as it is formidable. In moments when all seems suspended in incertitude, when everything appears to be going or gone, all the props and supports taken away, no resource left, no solace anywhere, the darkness of night closing in about us, no light, no promise at all, the soul standing naked, bereft, alone, and subject to the peltings of a pitiless storm,—what then should we do, if we might not betake ourselves to a reality beyond all time or change or death,—a resource that is superior to any possession or person, and that is all the more ours as there is less remaining here for mind and heart to lean upon? We have need constantly to recall and orient ourselves amid the besetments, the cares and solicitudes of life. In the passing and mutations of the transient, we withdraw ourselves for rest to the permanent; in the finite, the limitary, we seek to repose and renew ourselves on the bosom of the infinite.

The greatest souls have most felt this necessity, most frequently bathed and refreshed themselves in this fount of the everlasting. Emerson refers to this resource and succor when he speaks of the lessons that are taught us by the moral sentiment. "The lessons of the moral sentiment are, once for all, an emancipation from that anxiety which takes the joy out of all life. It teaches a great peace. It comes itself from the highest place." Whittier sings it when he invokes the infinite spirit and quenchless presence:—

"Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace."

And Miss Williams, in that hymn of lofty worship beginning,—

"While Thee I seek, protecting Power," etc.
"My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee."

"Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing
That's spirit; though cloistered fast, soar free,"—

says Browning.

It is a lesson much needed, requiring constantly to be recalled amid the rush, push, pressures, the oft intoxication that besets us in this western world. Forlorn and hapless indeed is the condition of that soul, who in the severe stress and strain, or not seldom inordinate preoccupations, or hot, fevered and blinded pursuit even of legitimate ends, has no center, no home of supreme trust and repose whither he may betake himself for regained sobriety, for righting and recovery of the lost poise, or uplift and restoring of tone to the drooping or despairing spirit.

Plutarch says, "God is the brave man's hope, and not the coward's excuse." The one who acts, strives, endures, who holds and pursues with a tireless zeal and steady, unswerving devotion to the highest, best,—he alone it is who has the right to invoke and rest in supreme trust upon the everlasting. The poltroon, the coward, the renunciant of his man's duties in this world of struggle and vital conflict,—he has no warrant for addressing or pleading to the infinite beneficence and supreme power of the good; his right to take refuge in that sanctuary lies yet for him to earn and win.

It is to be said, however, for the ancient Hindus, the Brahmans, that they did in a measure draw the great affirmations. Their philosophy is not exclusively negative, or aerial dwelling in the clouds. They perceived and sang the incarnations, read the world in symbol. They recognized the limitations put upon human faculty. They saw the earth to be a bud from the bower of God's beauty, as a Persian poet describes it. "Paradise is thy blooming park, the circle of the heavens thy chaplet, sun and moon the corals," says another. They were worshipers of the Light. This was radiance and revelation of the highest; its holiest, purest, most unfading symbol. The hymn Gayatri invokes,—"Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine Creator; may He rouse our minds." This is named "The Veda's Holiest Verse;" it has, Max Mueller says, for more than 3000 years been the daily prayer of every Brahman. Quinet declares the meaning of the Vedic religion this in a word,—"Revelation by Light."

They read the world in symbol; saw the human an emanation, bright effluence of the light and life divine, revelation beautiful, sacred and reverend evermore of ineffable and unseen. The life of the animal was held inviolable; it was a crime to slay the cow, priceless benefactor of men. They read down to the substance, saw and dwelt in the inner reality of the world of the seen. This was safeguard against bondage to the letter. "What shall a man do with the hymns," says one of the old Upanishads, "who does not know that eternal word of the hymns in the highest heaven, in which all the gods are absorbed?"

"The soul is its own Witness, its own refuge. Offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme eternal witness of men."

"If thou art not at variance with that great divinity within thee, go not on pilgrimage to Gunga, nor to the plain of Curu,"—says Manu.

"As life is dear to one's self, so also are those of all beings. On account of the resemblance to themselves, the good exercise compassion toward all living beings."

"He who looks on the wife of another as a mother, on the goods of another as a clod of earth, *and on all creatures as himself*, is a wise man,"—says the Book of Good Counsels.

Here is ethical inculcation worthy of any religion.

"The world is like an eternal holy fig tree, whose roots are above, whose branches descend. In Brahma all worlds repose. The universe trembles with awe, moving within this, its supreme life."

Yajnavalkya, one of the old sages and saints, is reported as saying to his beloved wife, Maitreyi, as he was about to depart, and she asks of him the solution of some questions she cannot comprehend:—

"A husband is loved, not because you love the husband, but because you love in him the Divine Spirit (Atman, the Absolute Self). A wife is loved, not because we love the wife, but because we love in her the Divine Spirit. Children are loved, not because we love the children, but because we love the Divine Spirit in them. The Divine Spirit, O beloved wife, is to be seen, to be heard, to be perceived, to be meditated upon. If we see, hear, perceive and know him, O Maitreyi, then this whole universe is known to us."

Such sentiment we have a right to believe belonged to the better element in the Brahmanic cultus and worship. Where do we find a nobler, worthier reading of the relations of time to the eternal?

Along with their near cousins, the Persians, the Hindus used with unequaled beauty and force the language of symbol. In these perceptions and graphic pictures they dwell, and since Sir William Jones led the way in laying open this treasure-house of oriental wealth, unlimited opulence of religious and secular poetry, and others have followed, adding greatly to the sum of this knowledge, they have been the benefactors and inspirers of the most intelligent and thoughtful minds of Europe and America.

Buddhism sprang from that bosom of the old Brahmanic faith. It was wrapped up in it, and came forth of it, a child and at the same time an individual *sui generis* growth, going out into protest against it, as it was in the sixth century B. C. While a revolt and a renunciation of Brahmanism, it rested in it on its higher side, carrying out its principles into sovereign and supreme action. The central note of that wonderful reform was love and sacrifice; love, devotion absolute and without end, to the service of all creatures.

There was always a seed of revolt and of growth in India. In the earlier and the mediæval centuries of our era, there were springing up here, there, reformers who were calling back the devotees of monastic dreams and airy, lifeless, bootless speculations, the creatures of ceremonialism and dogma, to the health of intellectual liberty and worship in work for others. That very remarkable growth called Sufiism, which sprang up almost immediately after the death of Mohammed, and survives to this day in India, in Persia, in Turkey, is singular for its clear reading of the infinite in his manifestations, the divine in the human, the revelation of Heaven in the disclosure of truth to the mind. It also sees the manifestation in the world of the visible about us, the ongoing withal in time, and it celebrates this incarnation. "The Sufis' cult," says Palmer, "is the religion of beauty where heavenly perfection is considered under the imperfect type of earthly loveliness."

"The mystic looks upon the face of the divine beauty, in the manifestation of every individual nature, and loves, since he sees in this beauty the revelation of the divine name," says Sururi.

Subsequent centuries brought various reformers with their several cults in India, among whom may be named Kabir and Nanak, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively. All of these teachers including Râmânanda and Dâdu,* reject polytheism, caste, the ceremonial of worship, and lay the emphasis on life and the cultivation of character. Kabir says, "The Hindu fasts every eleventh day; the Mussulman during the Ramazan. Who formed the remaining months, that you should venerate but one? If the Creator dwell in tabernacles, whose residence is the universe?"

They all lay stress upon the necessity of going within, of seeking perpetually re-enforcements of strength from communion with the infinite presence, while also living in obedience to the calls of great duty.

And not to be omitted is the Brahmo Somaj, known to us mostly through Keshub Chunder Sen and Mozoomdar,—the latter being now doubtless its leading representative. In our own time it appears to owe its paternity in large degree to Rammohun Roy, a Brahman of great catholicity of spirit, of broad humanity and supreme dedication to the growth of the soul in love of Truth and Freedom. It goes back, however, in its origin, historically to the sixteenth century, in the endeavor of King Akbar to have all faiths represented in his court through their leading expositors, to weigh and compare their several claims, and thus open the way to the finding of the truly free and universal religion. This movement, the Somaj, may be regarded as the richest product thus-

*The former the teacher, the latter a disciple, of Kabir, Râm ânanda's disciples are today, it is stated, the most numerous sect in Gangetic India.

far grown upon Indian soil. It bears within it the seeds, some of them already germinating and powerfully active, of many ameliorations and reforms yet to be. Such fruits attest the vitality of the tree, show that there is yet life, growth, expansion in that old Brahmanic stock, and tell that it still has a future, a mission for the culture, the education of the human race.

Fitly to correlate time with the eternal, is the lesson, the austere problem; once achieved, it were the grand conquest and consummate glory of life. There must be action and rest, pursuit and poise, courage and conduct, desire and possession, thirst and forward reaching for more, yet repose and satisfaction in the present, the now,—these united and joined in one. The active virtues and the passive must meet and blend; they must be married in bond of indissoluble and perfect wedlock. Neither can be complete without the other, neither is possible alone; such is the fate and the fortune of every human soul. The Hindus saw it: "Who finds activity in repose, and repose in action, he is the wise man," says the Bhagavat Gita. In the long centuries away from this, and on the threshold of our own time, Boehme sang the same truth:

> "To whom time is as eternity,
> And eternity as time,
> He is freed from all strife."

That possession lies on a height that no mortal foot has ever yet climbed. The perfect marriage, full, complete, blending the two qualities, each to remain always individual, distinct, yet to be united and made one, to dwell in and be of time and life's activities, yet to repose unceasing upon the eternal, seeing evermore with eye undimmed the unseen,—what son of man has ever attained to that? Yet approximations we do at intervals note and know; there are fugitive sparkles that, if they do not reveal, intimate the continuous ray; there are experiences that declare the visit in the soul, though it be but for brief and flitting moments, of the supreme possession and peace. To find such manifested to us anywhere in history is sacrament, wine of invigoration and strength to the inmost being.

The Hindus saw it, and they wrought and achieved. Their affirmation of the One, the unfading, ever radiant and resplendent presence, supreme, ethereal, beaming constant within, to give tone, monition and elevation to all our life; their sturdy endeavor to realize, to make the great interpretation from eternity to time; their lofty devotion and noble conquests in thought, self-mastery and high human service,—these are of their signal legacy to the world, reaching down undimmed, undiminished to latest ages. Their surpassing beauty in speech, felicity in the language of picture and symbol in hinting or describing—if describe they might—the indescribable, shall be the enrichment and the tuition of the best minds in the western world.

When man shall have come or neared coming to his estate, when history shall all be read and interpreted aright, with no prejudice or prepossession anywhere, with sympathy and sacramental use everywhere, and the immense and varied debt we owe the past shall be gratefully and appreciatingly recognized, then shall it be seen that for the early planting, the nurture and awakening of those nerves that thrill responsive to the thought of invisible and real, the transcendent One, and his manifestation in the living, mysterious presence about us, the persons we know, are drawn to and love—our obligation is profound, almost primal, to those meditative, reverend Rishis, who looked, beheld, communed, who saw and sang the song of the soul's vision, of its liberated life and supreme joy, millenniums agone in the land of the Seven Rivers, and beside the flowing, musical waters of the Gunga.

And those mystic saints, the Sufis, whose clear perceptions, lofty elevation, and valiant, heroic character, have never been brought adequately to the knowledge of the western world,—how shall we sufficiently thank them that they essayed so nobly, so well, with a success, if equalled, never surpassed, to attain the perfect marriage and blending, to mediate, reconcile, unite and wed in bans not to be broken, time with the eternal, attaining the matured vision, realization and peace in all the relations and activities of our life on earth.

The great bards and poets of our century, like Gœthe, like Emerson, like Browning, have directly or indirectly drank at this fountain, and quaffed quickening and strength from its sweet, sparkling waters. Hence, in some part at least, their imperturbable calm; their serene, unassailable poise and repose; their massive and—in the case of the two last especially—their complete, symmetrical character. They too have wrought; have hit, nearer than others, the white; have poured into poetry the song of the unquenched and unquenchable beneficence, excellence and love.

"My creed is very simple," writes our sage to some one who was much concerned to help, if he might, towards the saving of his soul; "that Goodness is the only Reality, that to Goodness alone can we trust; to that we may trust all and always; beautiful and blessed and blessing is it, even though it should seem to slay me.

"Beyond this I have no knowledge, no intelligence of methods; I know no steps, no degrees, no favorite means, no detached rules. Itself is gate and road and leader and march. Only trust it, be of it, be it, and it shall be well with us forever."

A Rule of Growth.

One of the most difficult problems in life is to adjust the burden of one's immediate work to the conditions of one's largest development. Earnest young men and women are constantly tempted to pour their vitality so copiously in the channels of immediate duty that they frequently deny themselves the conditions of the highest growth. No young man can put all his force into the work of the day, if it be along intellectual lines, without dwarfing his ultimate development. There ought to be behind every specific force a general force, and in the long run the value of the specific force will depend upon the volume of general force; but it is this general force which is suffered to diminish by reason of the pressure of daily work. A young minister goes into a new parish. If he happens to be a brilliant man, he is immediately assailed by calls to take part in every kind of enterprise, to speak on all occasions, and to become a leader in every movement in the community. In the enthusiasm of his strength and devotion to his profession, he gives himself body and soul to the solicitations of all these enterprises, every one of which involves a certain tax upon his strength, time and thought. His congregation, meanwhile, anticipate from him freshness, force and growth in his pulpit work, and for a time they get it; but no man can grow into full stature, develop strong lines of thought, and mature himself on the highest possible plane, who does not reserve a good part of his time for study, investigation and meditation. In the course of ten years the man who gives himself to every demand begins to show a decline of freshness, a decay of force, and very soon the congregation that has been drawing on him relentlessly, and the community that has called him at every turn with imperative voice, begin to comment on his failure to fulfil the promise of his earlier years. Disappointment is followed by dissatisfaction, and the man, often embittered by a sense of ingratitude, finds his influence waning, his force declining, and steps down in order that some other and fresher man may step up into his place.

Every man must protect himself against the demands of his position, of the community in which he lives, and of the causes which solicit his support, if he is to secure his highest growth and do his best work. He must heed not only the imperative demand of the duty of today, but the equally imperative demand of the duty of the next ten years. The young minister must defend himself against the not unkindly but often too exhausting demands of his congregation and the community. This is true of the teacher, of the writer, of every man who, by position or talent, addresses the public, or is engaged in any kind of public work. The world does not, and, in the nature of things, cannot stop to think of a man's future. It leaves that to him. If it is denied its requests, it may sometimes grumble, but ten years afterward, instead of discarding a spent force, it is cherishing and following a growing leadership. There is a duty which every man owes to himself which is quite as great as that which he owes to the community. Indeed, it is in the widest sense a duty to the community; for the greatest thing which any man can do for the world is to make the utmost of the power, the force and the character which are given him, and he can do this only by taking constant thought of the conditions which elicit what is deepest and greatest in his nature.—*The Outlook.*

Hyper-Criticism.

BY REV. J. W. CALDWELL.

An editorial contributor, writing under the title "Divine Providence and Law," in The New Unity for July 12, takes the evolutionists to task for being materialists, quoting Mrs. Ward's poor criticism on Herbert Spencer. He goes on to say, "The mystery of a first cause remains untouched," etc., and again, "There is every indication that the evolutionary philosophy must summon the idea of God," etc.

This sounds very strange to one who has read attentively Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Haeckel and Spencer.

Haeckle speaks of "that infinitely nobler and sublimer idea of God which alone is compatible with the monistic conception of the universe, and which recognizes God's spirit and power in all phenomena without exception. This monistic idea of God, which belongs to the future, has already been expressed by Giordano Bruno in the following words: 'A spirit exists in all things, and no body is so small but contains a part of the divine substance within itself, by which it is animated.' It is of this noble idea of God that Goethe says: 'Certainly there does not exist a more beautiful worship of God than that which needs no image, but which arises in our heart from converse with nature.' By it we arrive at the sublime idea of the unity of God and nature." ("History of Creation," pp. 70, 71.)

The late Prof. Huxley in his review of Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," as well as elsewhere, does not deny God; but simply refuses to affirm that he knows what he does not know. It would not be safe to say that one denies what he refuses to affirm. In many instances the noncommittal attitude is the safe one. On the other hand, his high appreciation of the harmony and beauty of the universe, his reverence for those laws and facts he met everywhere, admit him to the great temple of reverent trust and devout worship.

Prof. Tyndall, in his celebrated Belfast Address, stirred the theological world to its depths; even Dr. Martineau came to the defense of theism, and did some very brilliant writing. Since the smoke of the battle has cleared away, can we not see that Tyndall was not fully understood? I quote but one luminous paragraph from "The Advancement of Science," p. 87:

"If, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith—so long as this is done, not only without intolerance and bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs, then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man."

Spencer affirms a "First Cause which is Infinite and Absolute." While he calls this power "the unknowable," he yet builds his philosophy on the fact that *It Is*, and that it is equal to all the demands of philosophy and the wants of the soul. (See "First Principles.")

I make one more quotation. In concluding the "Origin of Species" (p. 679), Darwin says:

"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one, and that, while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved."

These quotations are taken at random; yet, they show sufficiently that no great evolutionist was or is atheistic.

It may be further said, that the ordinary conception of God is a material one. The belief in the deity-ship of Jesus is ample evidence; and the current definitions and conceptions of God among the unthinking, keeps him, so far as their thinking goes, within the pale of materialism.

If we peer deeply enough into the subject, we shall be slow to affirm that the highest conceptions are other than material. Where does matter end and spirit begin? Will we ever live outside of and beyond matter? Are matter and spirit always separate and antagonistic? Careful thinkers are slow to deny or affirm much on these questions, as little is known about them.

Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan says: "Paraphrasing the words of Prof. Max Müller, I say, 'Like Descartes, like Spinoza, like Leibnitz, like Noine, I require two orders of phenomena only, but I define them differently, namely, as kinesis and metakinesis. According to these two attributes of the noumenal, philosophy has to do with two streams of evolution—the subjective and the objective. Neither of them can be said to be prior. . . The two streams of evolution run parallel, or, more correctly, the two are one stream, looked at from two opposite shores.' And again, 'Like Noine, I would go hand in hand with Spinoza, and carry away with me this permanent truth, that metakinesis can never be the product of kinesis (materialism), nor kinesis the product of metakinesis (spiritualism), but that the two are inseparable, like two sides of one and the same substance.'" ("Animal Life and Intelligence," pp. 467-8.)

As the theory of evolution has continued to evolve, its theistic basis becomes more evident. Such works as Abbot's "Scientific Theism," Schurman's "Belief in God," and Fiske's "Idea of God," clearly show that evolution has made it possible for thinking men to continue to be theists. Evolution is not "without hope and without God in the world."

Science.

In the Chautauquan for November is an article by Prof. T. C. Chamberlain, head of Department of Geology in the University of Chicago, on the question: "What is Science?" This writer is opposed, and we think justly so, to making the term science mean certain physical branches of learning. As he says, science in the best sense of the word does not consist in the subject matter but rather in the nature of the knowledge acquired. "Science," he says, "is determinate, systematic, organized knowledge respecting any subject." This accords with the statement that *The Journal* has often made in regard to science. The difference between ordinary knowledge and scientific knowledge is this, that the former is fragmentary, miscellaneous, unsystematized; the latter is classified, methodized, organized. As this writer says, a man may have a vocabulary of ten thousand words, but unless he understands their derivation, their history, their relations, their varying functions, he can scarcely be said to be possessed of philological science. "The difference between a simple mass of knowledge and a science is about the difference between a heap of building material and a building. Knowledge is the material of science, but becomes science only when it is organized." It is correctly pointed out by Prof. Chamberlain that the first requisite of science is that the items of knowledge shall be genuine and pure, and the first step is to apply the purifying process to data upon which any induction is to be based. This can be done only by experimenting; that is, by putting to the severest test, in all possible ways, the supposed or alleged facts. Elements that are incidental only must be eliminated in order that they may not discolor the simple truth. The facts of mental or vital phenomena, as well as those of physics, must be tested rigidly, and the process of clearing the data from other spurious and unessential elements must be adopted the same as in the investigation of physical phenomena. Psychical and sociological laboratories, says this writer, are as important to psychology and sociology as physical and chemical laboratories are to physics or chemistry. After facts have been demonstrated and the data purified, it is necessary to determine the relations of these facts under all conditions in which it is possible to put them. Carbon under certain conditions is soot; under other conditions it is a diamond. These characteristics of the same substance could not be determined by any process of reasoning and could not therefore be predicted independently of experimentation. Similar knowledge based upon observation and experience is necessary in every field of inquiry. When the facts have been thoroughly proved and rigorously purified, the relation of facts to facts and the changing results of changed conditions and combinations have been ascertained and the causes determined, the whole may be classified and organized. Then it takes on the complete characteristics of science and may with full propriety assume the name of science. From this it is evident that in every branch of knowledge, there may be found gradations from mere incoherent mass of half-determined, half-digested, unsystematized facts up to a comparatively perfect classification. The progress of every science has been marked by advance from cruder to more perfect conditions. We cannot therefore safely accept as science whatever may be presented in the realms of so-called science, nor can we exclude from the title science all that is offered outside of its realms. There is need for discrimination in every field, for part of it is a science and part of it is not. It is important to learn what has really been determined and organized into science and what remains in its crudest stages in each department of learning; for so only can we separate science from non-science. Thus speculation, philosophy and science are considered the three stages of every department of inquiry. The first thing is the observation of the facts, accompanied with whatever fancies may be held as to the agencies which produce them. In the second stage, the mind tries to apply logical processes to develop truths which lie back of the phenomena, and adduce the principles involved. In the third stage, the effort is to bring out, not what might be or what ought to be but what is. "It is the attainment of the precise and actual truth respecting phenomena, relations, laws and principles, whether they relate to material or mental things or to force or action or potency; it is winnowed grain of intellectual husbandry."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

"It has long been assumed," says *The American Naturalist*, June, "that of two igneous rocks in contact, that containing crystals peculiar to the other was necessarily younger than the latter. Cole, however, shows that crystals may be floated away into a pre-existing rock of a low degree of fusibility from one of a higher degree which has intruded on it. At Glasdrumman Port, County Down, Ireland, a dike of eurite is flanked on both sides by dikes of basaltic andesite, of which the andesites are unquestionably the older rocks, since the eurite on its contact with them encloses fragments torn from their sides. The eurite contains porphyritic crystals of pink orthoclase, while the andesite is normally devoid of them. Near its contact with the former rock, however, crystals exactly like those in the eurite are occasionally found in the andesite. Crystals of quartz and feldspar have also often been floated from the eurite into the detached fragments of the andesite. The invading rock has melted the ground-mass of the andesite and has left its larger crystals scattered through a matrix made up largely of molten andesite intermingled with some eurite substance."

The summer lecture season is in full sway, says an *Exchange*. There are over 100 summer schools in the country, besides conventions at various times, and many small gatherings of lecture courses which are hardly important enough to be called schools. Summer rest is constantly demanding more and more intellectual enjoyments. The true rest of the body is found in mental interest and spiritual stimulus. Here is the only real recreation:

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> 'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

The late Dr. B. Elischer, of Buda-Pesth, left one of the most valuable Goethe collections in existence. It includes, among other things, eighteen different complete editions of his works, 180 different portraits, 350 musical compositions to texts by Goethe, 1500 newspaper articles, etc.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength; be not afraid!"

Faith and Criticism.

TRANSLATED FROM PROF. H. STEINTHAL'S "BIBEL UND RELIGIONPHILOSOPHIE," BY DR. A. B. ARNOLD IN "THE REFORM ADVOCATE."

Religion is something more than a dogma, a collection of doctrines on God, man and nature, or a mere conception of the world.* True religion exercises its influence on thought, feeling and the will, including all the human activities, and therefore has a theoretical and a practical side, that concern the whole of man. Finally, the contents of religion relate to duties and promises addressed to the believer in writings which he venerates as sacred and that offer him constant instruction and from which he derives hope and trust. These writings have come down from gray antiquity that for thousands of years served as the bond of unity for generations scattered over the earth, and formed them into religio-ethical communities. Religion may be considered under a threefold aspect, as a conception of the universe, a rule of conduct in life and as a literature. Criticism affects religion in all these different features. There seems to be conveyed a contradiction in the idea that the highest concern of man, we call religion, should be subordinate to a proceedure which is implied by criticism, and against which we might naturally feel an aversion. But such is not the case.

It is first of all necessary to understand the real object of criticism. In many quarters it has the bad reputation of being a disputatious, scoffing, sneering habit of mind, offensive and destructive in its tendencies. But criticism is neither a faultfinding disposition nor a willful skepticism. Doubt is perhaps often the incentive of criticism, but never its originator. Where criticism begins, doubt ends. Skepticism alone is powerless and unproductive. Sometimes it takes on the garb of criticism or hides its want of proficiency by a supercilious air and the pretense of superior knowledge. Criticism discerns the process of development, for development is everywhere in nature. Branches of the tree are the critical activities of the stem, which through its growing energy brings forth leaves and blossoms.

When criticism is engaged in building and constructing, it must needs choose and exclude, but this is not to be undertaken in haste and a precipitate manner. Slowly, patiently, but surely the generative force will effect its purpose even to the bursting of a rock. Yes, criticism decomposes and dissolves, for by this very process life is nourished and sustained. How, then, does criticism comport itself toward religion? Not as as irreligious and anti-religious, but in gauging the perfectibility of a positive religion by its conception of the Deity, by tracing its development on the line of its tendencies and by noticing the conditions which governed its modifications. Criticism does not quench the faintly glimmering light that still flickers in the heart of the indifferent and the frivolous, but rather desires to change it into a steady flame, that shall be a lamp to his feet, and permeate his whole life with a genial glow of warmth. To animate his affections and sympathy, criticism asks, what does religion require and strive to attain? Thus marks out its method and its goal. It inquires, whether the divine idea which our religion teaches is really that highest thought which we profess to comprehend. Is this idea so rich and transparent within us, that it may aspire to be the exponent of the purposes of existence and the reliable foundation on which our whole system of ideas may safely rest? Is our conception of the divine so noble, animating and inspiring that it will regulate our conduct in life, strengthen and fructify our resolutions for the good? Does it include all that is worthy and precious, elevate our soul and lend it firmness and peace? And supposing our idea of God is so excellent that it includes the beginning and the end of all our thoughts and makes of our consciousness a sure foundation for the complete rounding off of our lives, then it may be furthermore asked have we so carefully constructed our religious system, that stone fits upon stone, securely cemented, appropriately fashioned and supported on a firm ground, that, like a well-rooted trunk of a tree supplied by rich sap, it may bear fruit in due season? Do the components of that system observe a consistency, so that they may be properly joined together? Is the relation we hold towards God and our fellow-men, as it is taught in our religion, pleasing to "The Holy One" of Israel? In short, are all the doctrines we profess in harmony with our conception of the Deity? Or perhaps, on the contrary, many of our articles of belief, which are held to be of a religio-ethical character, are foreign to it, irreconcilable with it, and accepted without due reflection. Perhaps they are vestiges of a superannuated, vanished condition, of no service to piety at the present time, some of which originated from passions at variance with the fundamental ideas of our religion. And suppose it happens that criticism sifts, censures or excludes in one place, it will in other places draw proper conclusions and decide in conformity to them, but it will never occur that criticism shall abandon the cause of religion. In fact, it is just in the domain of religion, that criticism discerns the true relation of man to God, and brings into prominence the vital truths she contains.

The pious opponent of criticism may reply to all this, that he does not desire to glide on the slippery path of philosophical speculations, which may turn out to be mere sophistries. You tell us, he may respond, that religion is truth and is divine and yet you compare it with the finite objects of plants and animals. The evolution of organic forces you call a living criticism, and probably you are correct as far as this holds true, but religion does not resemble the constant changes in earthly existences and is of a loftier origin and purpose. Evolution is incompatible with the idea of religion, for religion remains essentially the same and her contents are imperishable. The truths which religion teaches to us now, she also taught to our fathers and will forever speak that language to our posterity. Moreover, the religion recorded in Scripture by holy men is a revelation from God. If you interpret religion by your methods of criticism, draw inferences and recognize signs of development, you still measure the Word of God by human logic, which is nothing less than presumption.

I would reply to the devout believer—take care that the presumption of which you speak may not be on your side. Do you imagine that you understand divine truth to perfection, for if you do, you would claim to be in possession of divine knowledge, forgetting that you are only dust and ashes. Let us both humbly confess that Holy Scripture is only comprehensible as far as our capacity permits us, which is no greater than that of a finite intelligence, extended and developed during centuries of human history. Modesty is always a becoming virtue. Surely God has spoken, His word never failed to be sent to the child, the man and the aged, in the past and in the present; but the Word of God is only imperfectly, slowly and gradually understood. I would ask the venerable sire to whom the young should look for lessons of wisdom—Does not your experience convince you that your knowledge increased with the ripening of years, from childhood to manhood, and from manhood to old age; and you did not consider yourself a fool when you were a mere youth? No, even as a very puny lad, you were already wise, for your wisdom consisted in the increase of knowledge, which brought you nearer to the knowledge of God. You developed your capabilities and made progress, and this is just what happened to the people of Israel, and the whole of mankind in conformity with God's design. Nations were at no time altogether foolish and wicked, and Israel neither, but from generation to generation it became wiser and better by a constant effort to penetrate into the meaning of God's word. This was only possible through a logical process, which had all the characters of a sound and candid criticism. Sacred Scripture is a book, and we are there recommended to study it diligently, and why? To recite and to rehearse it? or rather to understand and to be edified by it? A book, however, is only instructive as far as we understand it, and are able to pick out what is useful to us. We succeed in appropriating its teachings, the more we make the knowledge it contains our own, and our souls enter into a communion with "its ideas." The Infinite Spirit has so ordained our laws of thought, that by developing them we may succeed in grasping some divine truths. Viewed in this light, it becomes evident that religious criticism is a religious duty. An old rabbi has suggested the same opinion in his own manner. Why, asks the rabbi, do we pray: "Our God, the God of our fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob?" Are there three or perhaps four gods? No, he answers, for the son not only learned to know his God from his father, but also through his own inquiry, therefore each of the patriarch's acknowledged his own God, and yet all three relate to the one and only God. If progress is a prerogative of human nature, why should it be wanting in the highest region of the human spirit—the religio-ethical?

We shall now consider a special part of the discussion. We are urgently advised to search the Scriptures. They consist of a collection of writings which are usually divided into 24 books. They contain truths, and something more. In some of them we find fragments from other works, which are now lost. Criticism, with the aid of philology, has established this fact, which can no longer be denied. Holy Writ cannot be exempt from the same critical examination to which the classical literature of other nations was subjected, for the Bible is the classical literature of Israel and Judah. There is no force in the argument that tradition sustains the inerrancy of the Scriptures. We are doubtless much indebted to tradition for assistance in the interpretation of those sacred documents, but this does not relieve philology and criticism from performing their proper task. We are told by competent authorities that the said tradition has been but imperfectly understood by commentators of the last few centuries. Be this as it may, let it be borne in mind, that philology considers every literature of historical importance amenable to its

*Weltanschauung.

investigations. Without any exception, no writing of that character can escape the range of its criticism. This category includes, in the first rank, the written original sources of positive religions, and, in the second, the exegetical commentaries and the tradition. This is emphatically unreliable. If philology in reference to the works of Roman jurisprudence does its duty for the better understanding of the theory and practice of Roman law, as it also concerns itself with the philosophy and the drama of the Greeks in pointing out the exellence and beauties of this fine literature, the same attention and labor is usefully spent in observing a similar duty on sacred Scripture. The Bible-believer is in fact under great obligation to the philologist for his contributions in clearing up numerous obscure passages of the Bible, and affording much insight into the peculiarities of the book. Religion, no less than jurisprudence, is in need of philological and philosophical criticism.

We cannot withhold our sympathy from a truly pious man when he deplores the attempt of treating God's word as if it were a drinking, or a love, song. Now it really appears that Solomon's song reads very much like an amorous effusion, and it is positively affirmed by eminent scholars that the Biblical myths and legends must be considered in the same light as those occurring in the literature of other nations. If in these instances philology be not accepted as the criterion, then what other resource is left to decide the matter? I do not set up as a philologist who professes to question the correctness of the symbolical interpretation of the song of songs, but in the event that the said interpretation be found inadmissible, I would ask, is the picture of chaste love offensive? It cannot be, for otherwise marriage would be no divine institution. That very song tells us that love is "a heavenly flame."

Leaving criticism alone for a moment I would ask my zealous friend whether he does not agree with me, that in the common experience of the world that flame of God does not always exert its sanctifying influence, that it is sometimes permitted to grow dim, and may fail to radiate family life with its warming rays? But to put a more homely question,—Is our Sabbath lamp or our Habdala wax candle a flame of God? The Canticles reveal from where that true flame descends. But the bone of contention resides in the accusation, that the critic does not refrain from trying his skill on the prophets and even ventures to cast a shadow on the Books of Moses. All anxious hearts may rest assured that criticism is utterly powerless to deprive these cherished volumes of the halo of reverence that guards them, nor despoil them of their inherent sanctity, just as little as the philologist can take aught from the inestimable value and importance of the Ten Commandments. Their sacredness does not depend on the circumstance that they were hewn on tables of stone, delivered by Moses, deposited in the ark and placed into the holy of holies. They derive their incalculable value from the fact that they constitute the foundation of morals, though they had never been cut into stone and preserved in the temple. The Ten Words are intended to be engraven on the folds of our hearts.

The contents of the Bible may be instructively considered from another point of view. Any garment is liable to be soiled, be it even the vestment of a high-priest on the day of atonement. The sacred shrine consisted of tough wood, and was often carried from place to place, where it probably required frequent repair. We know of a certainty that the temple frequently showed signs of dilapidation. May not the highest and purest that God grants to man —his word—be misrepresented or misunderstood? for as soon as it is conveyed in the articulation of human speech or written down in a book, it receives a finite dress. Every piece of writing is subject to accident, that may deface it. The visitations and calamities that marked so many periods of the history of Israel and Judah were not favorable to the preservation of the national literature. Had the Jews libraries like those of Alexandria, Niniveh and Babylon? Despite those libraries, what have become of all the books that once were found in all these cosmopolitan cities? And do you think that the books that were on the shelves in the temple and the royal palaces which Nebuchadnezer and Titus laid in ashes were saved without having been scorched? How was it possible during the untold calamities of Israel, to preserve intact the precious treasures of prophetical oratory, the hymns of the Psalter and the historical documents? From many a book only a page was saved and none can tell who wrote it. Stray leaves were thus collected, that could not be assigned to their authors. There is another circumstance worthy of consideration—Why did the prophet write? For what purpose did the poet compose his thanksgiving hymns, his elegies, his sad, mournful strophes? Was it with the intention of shining as a great lyrical writer, as a famous orator that should make his name immortal? Those men never imagined anything of the kind, they felt assured that their people would never be wanting in poets and orators. Among ancient people it was not the custom that authors paraded their names on the title page. Their contemporaries knew very well who wrote the book or the scroll. But during times of adversity much was forgotten. The men who supplied many parts of the Bible with names acted in a critical spirit. For instance, they got hold of a leaf on which our Psalm xc was written. Where did it come from? None could tell. Well, criticism must help out, and it was suggested that this Psalm is worthy of having been written by Moses, for it expresses his lofty thought. Henceforth it received the title—the prayer of Moses, the man of God. They thought that only a Moses could have composed this grand, unique Psalm. This was a most excellent criticism, only it is not quite correct, says the philology of the present day. But whoever may have composed this Psalm, it will never loose its beauty, nor cease to affect us by its great power. A most noteworthy fact remains yet to be mentioned. Since it was evident that the greatest treasure of comprehensive historical works could not be preserved in calamitous times, whether treating of remote or recent periods, they resorted to excerpts and concise descriptions. It may therefore be safely asserted that of the whole sacred literature, during the existence of both of the Jewish states, we only passed a small fraction. Our Bible is a sacred ark into which Ezra and his colleagues deposited all that could be secured, especially such portions as seemed to them the most important, and which will always suffice for the needs of Israel. They were all fragments, nothing but fragments. We deplore the great loss, more painful than all else, more than nationality, country and temple. The philologist imposes upon himself a responsible task when he approaches the precious remnant of this literature. His criticism must be undertaken with the conviction of performing a religious duty.

The right which the philologist claims to discharge this duty, when actuated by such a motive, will hardly be disputed by the most devout person; but with this condition, that criticism acknowledges a limit and does not lay its hands on what is considered unassailable. Yet criticism, he may allege, spares nothing, though no objection can be advanced against the change of names and textual alterations, for the Masorites adopted this practice. The marrow and substance, however, he would likely insist, should not be touched. Our pious friend would probably advance the following additional argument. "When the philologist treats Homer in quite a different manner than he does Virgil or Ariost, the Niebelungendifferently from Percival, why should he not discriminate between sacred and profane literature? Does it make no difference when it says in the Bible, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, than when it reads in some criminal law-book—theft shall be punished by no less than a four weeks' incarceration? But worse than all this, criticism pronounces that Abraham's offering of his son Isaac as a sacrifice, and the whole life of that Patriarch, is nothing more than a myth." Now give me a clear, positive answer.

Before I shall give my answer, I must remove a misunderstanding. It is admitted that criticism of the "positive" religions is the criticism of a certain literature. But who should undertake this criticism? May any one, who pleases, dabble in matters which are holy? Korab and his adherents told Moses and Aaron, that the whole congregation is holy and equally shares in the divine spirit. Yet, they were not holy, and God's voice was not heard in their clamor. They were incompetent to criticize. In succeeding generations of Israel many a false prophet arose, very conservative in his own estimation and zealous for religion. There will always be a set of men, who have a high opinion of their merits and like to parade their religiosity. We cannot judge by superficialities, who may be fit or unfit to criticize; but it is reassuring to know, that the truly pious instinctively feel, whom to trust or to suspect, who the men are that labor for the religious elevation of the people, who discern their spiritual wants, and who do not cowe down before insolence.

I shall now consider the most telling reproach which never fails to be made against Biblical criticism. It is confidently asserted that there is the greatest difference between sacred and profane literature, which should be constantly kept in view. A profane literature, however, does not exist; all literature is sacred, though differing in the degree of sanctity. But I am too hasty—unfortunately there is a profane literature, a nasty class of books in prose and verse, and productions of the stage which repel every healthily constituted moral mind. True literature is never profane, and in order to recognize this fact it requires the exercise of the critical faculty. There are certainly grades of excellence in literature. For example, the rock, the herb, the animal and man are all of them revelations of God's handiwork, and in an analogous way literature consists of contributions differing in quality and construction. Some books serve for entertainment, others instruct and edify. The philologist sorts them according as they are of a religious, an ethical, historical or juridical character. He also distinguishes sacred literature from the less holy. For instance, he would assign to the decalogue the first rank.

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Sun.—The holiness of Christ had the peculiar characteristic that it made men enamored of goodness.

Mon.—There is something mightier than intellect and truer than logic. It is the faith which works by love.

Tues.—On sympathy the awards of heaven and hell are built.

Wed.—The price which the rich pays for his wealth is the temptation to be selfish.

Thurs.—It is not the ceremony which makes a thing religious: a ceremony can only *declare* a thing religious.

Fri.—It was the glory of Christianity to pronounce all human feelings sacred.

Sat.—Never does a man know the force that is in him till some mighty affection or grief has humanized the soul.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

Butterflies.

Pausing in air on their pinions,
Flitting all o'er my dominions,
They weave their strange little fancies,
And throw out their bright little glances,
Sparkles of God's gentle spirit,
His love and his cheer they inherit;
Bathing in sun-baths of beauty,
Pastime their life and their duty;
Innocent roving and pleasure
Rounded their being's full measure.

. . . . . .

—*Augusta Larned.*

What Was His Creed?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspired, kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

—*Selected.*

Tiny Tim.

A gentleman who had long been ill had at last begun to feel better and to grow stronger. When well enough to walk about the room, he could not yet leave it, and time hung heavy upon his hands. Any occurrence, however trivial, if novel, was of interest to him, and this is the story he told me of what he saw:

One afternoon I sat in an easy-chair near the fire, my feet resting, man-like, on a narrow ledge halfway down the tall wooden mantel-piece. In the room was an organ, upon which my wife was playing. After a while she began to play, in soft, low tones, an air in a minor key. My head was thrown back against my chair, and my eyes rested on the wall above the mantel as I listened.

Presently I saw, in a hole in the plaster just over the mantel, a pair of very bright eyes peep out. Then a little head appeared, and turned cautiously about, as if inspecting the outlook. Apparently assured by the absolute quiet of the room, except for the music, soon the whole body of a tiny mouse emerged from the hole, and seated itself upon the mantel, still thoroughly alert, and ready to fly at a moment's notice. Just then my wife paused to turn a page of music, when our little visitor was off like a flash, and inside the hole.

The next afternoon I asked for the same piece of music, and seated myself in my accustomed position before the fire. I was confident the music had attracted the mouse, and I was on the lookout for him.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him appear and creep warily from the hole. Then he squatted down upon the mantel, and assumed a look of intense listening. He remained until again some stir put him to flight. This was repeated every afternoon, and always, at the playing of the minor strain, or something equally soft and low, mousie put in an appearance, growing bolder every day.

I scattered a few crumbs on the mantel, and he would patter about and pick them up, keeping his bright little eyes on me. Then I put a crumb on the ledge, and a train of them on the leg of my trousers. These preparations were made before he came. Tiny Tim crept to the ledge, and ate the crumb, and then very cautiously followed up the train of crumbs on my trousers, watching me intently. We called him Tiny Tim, both on account of his gentle, confiding ways, and a trick of limping he had, as if one leg had been hurt and moved with difficulty.

Tiny Tim's visits became constant. If, however, he did not appear, and we wished for him, a few notes on the organ, and he was on hand. He became perfectly fearless, would creep in and out of the folds of a newspaper I was reading, in search of crumbs hidden there for him. He would dive into every pocket of my dressing-gown on the same errand; and frequently, in his journeying from one pocket to another, would dart up my shoulder and neck, across the top of my head, and down the other side. He would work his little body into my half-closed hand, in hope of finding some dainty morsel.

His visit over, and his appetite for both food and music satisfied, he would patter away to the hole in the wall, and secrete himself—where, we never knew. He preferred making the trip to and fro using my leg as a bridge, always pausing at the ledge to see if it was in place. It usually was, for I liked to welcome him.

At the end of two or three months, when the weather grew hot, we left home for a visit to the seashore. We gave Tiny Tim a parting concert and feast, and bade him adieu, giving him the freedom of the room during our absence. Some necessary repairs were to be made in the room, and we neglected to tell the workmen of the room's little occupant.

When we returned, it was to find Tim's door of entrance closed and papered over. I carefully opened it with my knife, and requested my wife to play Tim's tune upon the organ. We looked and listened in vain. Our little friend never came again. Perhaps he had accused us of forgetfulness in shutting him away from us, or perhaps he had found a little four-footed mate who supplied our places.—M. E. Safford in *Sunday-School Times.*

The Treasure.

BY MARY KEYES.

In a little corner of the world amid wooded mountain slopes nestled a valley where sweet waters flowed and soft breezes blew and the golden sunshine fell kissing all the landscape into beauty. Here abode one who prayed not for goods or gold or high renown, but just for a little child to twinkle in his home. The good Father heard the prayer; but ere he sent the child he gave to him a tiny jewel, saying: "Go, thou long-desired-one, into the world. It is a sad and tearful world at best; but do thou guard and watch and part never from this I give thee, and in time to come it will comfort thee."

And so the child came and dwelt in the smiling valley with his gift. By some strange alchemy unknown to man, as the child grew even so did this jewel rare. Whether it was the light of smiles or the tears that fell upon it during years that caused it I may not say; but this I know: When the babe had grown a man, the gem he had so treasured had become a huge, glittering mass of gems gladdening all the vale and casting a gracious shadow where weary wanderers might rest from the scorching summer sun.

One day, he who owned the stone said: "I will build me a castle"; and forthwith called stone cutters, polishers and builders saying: "Hew this stone into masses, cut and polish it and build me a castle." The work began and one fair day, lo! there stood completed such an edifice as none had seen before, with towers, turrets, domes and pinnacles aglitter in the glowing day. The man abode therein and all the inhabitants beheld in wonder and called it the "Dream Castle," yet it was the truest thing in all the valley.

All progress in our lives is by change, and all change is by loss in one direction in order to have gain in another.—*Sunday-School Times.*

What we have to do is to interpret God through man, not in view of what man is, but of what man has in him to become.—*A. B. Bruce.*

Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—*Locke.*

Nebraska has fourteen women superintendents of public instruction, says the *Ram's Horn.*

It is well-known that Dickens, as well as Thackeray, often made use of real personalities in his stories, sometimes not altogether to his own credit, as witness the caricature of Leigh Hunt in "Bleak House," and the still more reprehensible instance of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber in "David Copperfield." We are told by his biographer that the originals of these characters were the parents of the novelist himself. In other cases no great fault can be found. The portrait of Mr. Squeers and his Yorkshire school was drawn from an actual Mr. Squires who had such a school at Bowes. The Rev. Ralph Willis, an old pupil of Mr. Squires, has lately died, leaving behind him a record of his school days. It was his father who gave Dickens the stories about the school which induced him to make it a visit, and led to his writing it up in Nicholas Nickleby. In Mr. Willis's book, it is said that "many of the ludicrous scenes in the novel are pure inventions, but the character of the school justified an indignant exposure of abuses, particularly the coarse and scanty supply of food and the brutal forms of punishment."

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Rev. John Langdon Dudley.

On the 24th of July, 1895, the body of Rev. John Langdon Dudley, whose death occurred in Boston, Nov. 21, 1894, was moved from the receiving tomb of Mt. Auburn Cemetery and interred in the Andover, N. H., Cemetery, he being a native of this place. Brief services at the grave were held by Rev. Lyman Clark, pastor of the Unitarian society, and Rev. John Thorpe, Congregationalist. Mr. Dudley having been called for a time to the pastorate of the Twenty-eighth Cong'l Society, his grave will be associated in the thought of many with the other grave in Italy where Theodore Parker's body is buried. Mrs. Marion V. Dudley will edit and publish a volume of the sermons of her late husband. On the Sunday following the interment Rev. Lyman Clark read to the Unitarian Society, Andover, a sermon of Mr. Dudley, the subject of which was "The Ethical, the Essential Element in Christianity." The discourse was prefaced with a biographical statement, and was heard with much interest by a congregation of his native town. A photograph of his face was present. It is, perhaps, not often that a minister supplies a pulpit on the Sunday following his burial, but Mr. Dudley found this opportunity. The publication of the volume of his sermons will be awaited with interest by his friends.

Andover, N. H.

The Fall term of Proctor Academy will begin Sept. 2, with improved facilities for the coming year. The Principal, Rev. James F. Morton, A. M., will receive the young men in his new house built during the summer, leaving the boarding hall for a young ladies' dormitory. The Unitarian Educational Society has recently received $3,000 from the executors of the estate of the late Mrs. Mary A. Hunt, of Nashua, who made a bequest of that amount to the permanent funds of the Academy.

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The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

Suggestions to Teachers Using the "Nature Studies" Leaflets.

For Preparation: Get the help of some local student of science, if possible. Read some chapters of "In Nesting Time," or "Bird Ways," or "Little Brothers of the Air," by O. T. Miller; or of "Wake Robin," or "Signs and Seasons," by John Burroughs, or any of his other publications, or those of C. C. Abbott. "Homes without Hands," by J. G. Wood, is a good book for the whole subject, but the works of Audubon, Nuttall and Wilson are still unsurpassed for American bird-life. W. H. Gibson has an article on "Bird Cradles" in Scribners, Vol. 8, and T. M. Brewer on "Architecture of Birds," in Scribners, Vol. 16 and 17. Procure a common bird's nest to study and take into the class room.

In the Class Room: Have the children tell you how the nests are made. Ask why birds build in trees rather than on the ground; why on the tips of branches rather than close to the trunk; why with openings below the nest, in the land of monkeys; why they have their nests over water; why the birds that have strong feet for walking or swimming do not build finely woven nests; why the birds that have strong beaks for fighting do not make fine nests, and other questions to make the children see the wisdom as well as the love of birds. Ask them to find out from their parents, or others, all they can about the nests of common birds by the next Sunday, and bring a nest if they can discover an empty one. Half of the hour the next Sunday can well be spent on this same lesson.

Outline of the Course for the Year: It will be seen by the outline given below that there are ten different topics during the year, —one for each month,—and four lessons for each topic. Thus "Cradling the Baby" runs through the first four lessons, "Tending the Baby" through the second four, and so on. The teachers can thus prepare the work long before hand, and in many cases the leaflet will be only a suggestion for a much fuller lesson on similar lines. This course is something entirely new, as far as we know, and will inevitably be susceptible of much improvement, and we should be thankful to any teachers, or others interested, for any hints or suggestions of subjects, or pictures or little poems. All such suggestions can be sent to A. W. Gould, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN.

I. *Cradling the Baby.* 1. Birds; 2. Animals; 3. Insects; 4. Flowers.

II. *Tending the Baby.* 5. Birds; 6. Animals; 7. Insects; 8. Fish.

III. *Getting Food.* 9. Sea Anemones; 10. Plants; 11. Worms; 12. Bees and other Insects.

IV. *Getting New Clothes.* 13. Men; 14. Caterpillars and Crawfish; 15. Nautilus; 16. Tortoise.

V. *Learning to Walk.* 17. Men and Quadrupeds; 18. Insects; 19. Centipedes; 20. Snakes and Worms.

VI. *Getting Wings.* 21. Bats and Squirrels; 22. Birds; 23. Butterflies; 24. Seeds.

VII. *Helping each other.* 25. Men; 26. Beavers; 27. Termites; 28. Flowers.

VIII. *Laying up Food.* 29. Men; 30. Squirrels; 31. Bees; 32. Plants.

IX. *Borrowing and Lending.* 33. Men from Animals and Plants; 34. Animals and Insects from Plants; 35. Plants from Earth; 36. Earth from Sun.

X. *Sleeping and Waking.* 37. Plants; 38. Animals; 39. Insects; 40. Men.

The Study Table

DISHONESTY AND CASTE. By Ethel Davis. Home Science Publishing Co., 7 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. 118 pp.; 60 cents.

This little volume contains six essays, "House Furnishing," "Entertaining," "Domestic Service," "Housekeeping and Homemaking," "Education" and "Religion,"—and they are well worth reading. In the first essay the writer offers a definition of the difference between "Society" and the "Intellectual Middle Class," which is a real contribution to the subject, whether or not it be final. Throughout the book the plea is ever for sincerity, and we hope that these earnest words on the conduct of life will be widely read. F. W. S.

THE FINANCIAL SCHOOL AT FARMERVILLE. Reported by Cotton M. Barley. Chicago: The Currency Publishing House. 124 pp.; 25 cents.

This is one of the many answers to Coin's Financial School, and it is very cleverly written, somewhat in the style of "Coin" himself. But it makes, for at least one class of readers, a mistake, in thus garnishing its arguments with fictitious personalities and fancy settings, so that the reader must wade through them to get the thought. Some of Coin's sophistries are well answered, but the positive teaching of the book is not as unquestionable as might be desired. F. W. S.

The Magazines.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for August has a goodly number of interesting articles, Mr. Percival Lowell's "Mars—the Flagstaff Photographs" having the place of honor, but to the review editor of THE NEW UNITY "Machias in the Revolution and Afterward" was the most interesting paper, because it described the home and doings of his New England ancestors and kinsmen. THE NEW UNITY readers will note with interest that Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley contributes a few verses on "Responsibility."

IN THE ARENA for August Prof. Frank Parsons continues his helpful articles on social ownership of inevitable monopolies, under the title, "The People's Lamps, Elecric Lights,"—twenty pages are packed full of facts and arguments, showing that Prof. Parsons has acquainted himself very fully with the statistics of the subject, and

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that at the same time he has carefully considered the many questions which arise in connection with the subject. Rev. F. B. Vrooman has an article on "Public Health and National Defense," to which the indefatigable Prof. T. E. Will has added a three-page bibliography of Sanitation. Lona I. Robinson, Altona A. Chapman and Frances E. Russell continue the able symposium on the sufficiency of the Single Tax, and there is a thoughtful paper by Geo. S. Robbins on "The Middle Ground," which touches upon the same subject. Nine other articles—including the usual editorial and a pathetic story, entitled "Rags," by Miss Will Allen Dromgoole—and a poem make up the nearly two hundred pages of the magazine.

THE MENORAH MONTHLY for August speaks very highly of Prof. Hirsch's conference address on "The Philosophy of the Reform Movement in America," recently published in THE NEW UNITY and *The Reform Advocate*, because of its "deep insight into the soul and essense of Judaism," and it quotes from it in its editorial columns at great length.

THE August *Atlantic Monthly* contains several articles which are calculated to create widespread interest. One of the most striking contributions is by Jacob D. Cox on How Judge Hoar Ceased to be Attorney General. Percival Lowell, in his fourth paper on Mars, tries to answer the questions, Is Mars inhabited, and, if so, by what kind of people? A Poet's Yorkshire Haunts will delight every friend and reader of James Russell Lowell, as in it will be found descriptions of the regions the poet loved. Among other features are The Political and Professional Life of a French Macon, by J. M. Ludlow; A Talk over Autographs, Fourth Paper, by George Birkbeck Hill; President Polk's Diary, by James Schouler; The Wrongs of the Juryman, by Harvey N. Shepard; and The New Art Criticism, by Mary Logan. Fiction is well represented by two installments of powerful serials, and a delightful anonymous sketch entitled A Woman's Luncheon.

THE August number of *St. Nicholas* goes to the little ones in vacation season, and most appropriately it bears with it the breath of the woods and the fields. Cromwell Galpin tells of "The Bronco's Best Race," a gallant struggle in which he held his own with a big thoroughbred. Prof. Brander Matthews contributes an appreciative critical sketch of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Ezra Hurlburt Stafford tells of "Bessie's Escape" from a cougar. James Baldwin writes of "Babieca, the War-Horse of the Cid." Theodore Roosevelt continues his "Hero Tales from American History" with an account of "The Cruise of the Wasp." Howard Pyle is drawing to a conclusion his serial, "Jack Ballister's Fortunes." Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement describes "The Voyage of a Chinese Wildcat." There is the usual variety of poems and pictures in the number.

A NOTABLE article in the Midsummer Holiday (August) *Century*, and one striking into the midst of current discussion, is Dr. Max Nordau's "Reply to My Critics," in which, after paying his respects to what he calls a large body of simply abusive criticism, he takes up for serious discussion several objections which have been made to the theory of his book on "Degeneration." In discussing great men he makes a distinction between "evolutionary genius" and "pseudo genius." An article on the same subject by Cesar Lombroso, the well-known Italian criminologist, will appear in a later number of the magazine. From time to time *The Century* has printed a number of separate articles on notable women, and to

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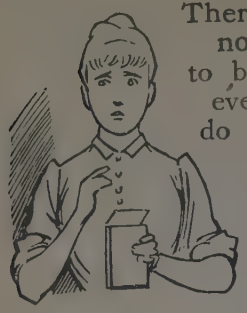

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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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this series in the August number is added a biographical sketch by Isabel F. Hapgood of one of the most interesting women of her time, the late Sophia Kovalevsky, a distinguished Russian, who was professor of mathematics in the University of Stockholm, and who, in a life of great devotion to science, was not free from the conflict of her sex between the domestic impulse and the longing for a career. In this respect she resembles Marie Bashkirtseff, though on a higher plane. The article is accompanied by an interesting portrait.

AMONG the miscellaneous articles in *The Monthly Illustrator* for August, are the fourth of Dr. Hoffman's instructive papers on the development of aboriginal pottery in America, as studied in, and illustrated from, the collections of the National Museum; a delicately written essay by Dr. C. C. Abbott, entitled, "In a Village Garden," adorned with many photographic reproductions of garden-flowers; an account of "Some Foreigners in California" by the traveler, Henry M. Finck, through which are scattered charming pictures of Indians, Mexicans, Chinese and other picturesque dwellers on the Pacific Coast; and an article on "Costumes in the Time of Napoleon," by Helen Ingersoll, which is full of curious facts, and illustrated by a great many charming little drawings.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to THE NEW UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of THE NEW UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from UNITY Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, by forwarding price namedelow.

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AMONG THE GIANTS. A story introducing Six Common Giants. By Bertha M. Neher. Chicago: A. Flanagan. 122 pp.; 50 cents.

SUMMARY VIEW OF WORK DONE BY THE ST. LOUIS SOCIETY OF PEDAGOGY DURING THE YEAR 1894-5, including addresses by Superintendent Edward H. Long, Principal Francis E. Cook, Crow School, and William M. Bryant, LL. D., of the Normal and High School. St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Co. Paper, 70 pp.

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Of the great Paris grocers Felix Potin was the chief. His father, who cultivated his own land at Arpajon (Seine-et-Oise), desired to make a lawyer of his son, and Felix was put into an office at the age of sixteen; but the lad had an irresistible desire to become a grocer, and before he was twenty-four years old he had started in business. He is now perhaps the biggest grocer in the world. When he married he possessed about $2,000 and his bride brought a dowry of a similar amount. The couple lived above their first shop, in sloping rooms under the roof, and were obliged to collect each day their receipts from the till and pay them away in the evening for the purchase of their stock. But as time went on they grew wealthier and wealthier, thanks, it must be admitted, to a timely loan from M. Potin's father-in-law. Felix Potin acted splendidly during the siege of Paris. He refused to allow his stock of eatables—which had by that time become immense—to be bought up by speculators, and he rationed carefully his supplies of food,

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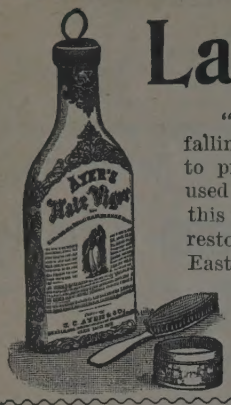

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OF THE

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which he doled out to the public at the same prices as before. It is sad to think this large-hearted man died in the year following the war at the early age of fifty-one.

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A Curious List of Ancient Novelties.

Professor Lombroso, writing in the *Contemporary Review* on "Atavism and Evolution," says: "It is curious to examine the inventions which we deem novelties, but which are in reality very old. The ancients knew of the lightning-conductor, or, at all events, the method of attracting the lightning. The Celtic soldiers in a storm used to lie down on the ground, first lighting a torch and planting their naked swords in the ground by their side with the points upward. The lightning often struck the point of the sword and passed away into the water without injuring the warrior.

"The Romans, also, seem to have known the lightning-rod, though they let their knowledge slip again into oblivion. On the top of the highest tower of the Castle of Duino, on the Adriatic, there was set, from time immemorial, a long rod of iron. In the stormy weather of summer it served to predict the approach of the tempest. A soldier was always stationed by it when the sea showed any threatening of a storm. From time to time he put the point of his long javelin close to the rod. Whenever a spark passed between the two pieces of iron he rang a bell to warn the fishermen. Gerbert (Hugh Capet), in the tenth century, invented a plan for diverting lightning from the fields by planting in it long sticks tipped with very sharp lance heads.

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"In 1662, France was already in possession of omnibuses. The Romans sank artesian wells even in the Sahara. The plains of the Lebanon and of Palmyra were artificially irrigated; traces of the wells and canals are still to be found. In 1685 Papin published in the *Journal des Savants* an account of an experiment made by one of his friends, named Wilde, who caused flowers to grow instantaneously. The secret lay in the preparation of the ground, but it was not revealed.

"Massage is a very ancient practice, and was known to the Romans. Paracelsus, in his 'Opera Medica,' speaks of homœopathy, and says that like is cured by like, and not contrary by contrary. 'Nature herself,' he says, 'shows this, and like things seek and desire each other.' Polybius also speaks of healing by similarity, and Avicenna of the use of infinitesimal doses of poison. Mirepus used arsenic in infinitesimal doses as a remedy for intermittent fever. In China *Cannabis Indica* was used as a sedative 220 years before our era. The Arabs used aloes and camphor as we do. The speculum, the probe, the forceps, were known in the year 500; indeed, specimens of them have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, and are preserved in the National Museum at Naples. Galande, in 1665, gives a theory of psychic centers, pointing out the anterior portion of the brain as the seat of imagination, the center of reason and the back of memory. Aristotle noticed that sea-water could be made drinkable by boiling it and collecting the steam.

"The Greeks had a *pilema*, a woolen or linen cuirass, so closely woven as to be impenetrable by the sharpest of darts. We have not found out the secret of it. The Romans had better mills than ours for pounding olives. The Chinese had invented iron houses as early as 1200. Glass houses were found among the Picts in Scotland and the Celts in Gaul, and many centuries earlier in Siam. The systems of irrigation which made Lombardy and England so fertile were in existence in the time of Virgil. Grass cloth was used many centuries ago by the Chinese. All this is explained by the fact that man naturally detests what is new, and tries his best to escape it, yielding only to absolute necessity and overpowering proof, or to an acquired usage."

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A distinguished English specialist in children's diseases has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve temperate families during a period of twelve years, with the result that he found that the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperates were accountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers' children twenty-five died in the first week of life as against six on the other side, the latter deaths being from weakness, while the former were attributable to weakness, convulsive attacks, or to œdema of the brain and membranes: to this record being also added five who were idiots; five so stunted in growth as to be really dwarfs; five who, when older, became epileptics; one, a boy, who had grave chorea ending in idiocy; five more who were diseased and deformed; and two of the epileptics who became, by inheritance, drinkers.

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Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Little Weights.

The superintendent of a large retail store in New York, while talking to a friend one day, said:

"It is not always the most industrious or intelligent salesmen who succeed in our business. Sometimes a peculiarity of speech or manner will make them distasteful to customers. Note that young man who is selling towels, for example. He is too familiar. He leans over the counter, and whispers as if he were the confidential friend of every woman who buys a napkin. He means only to urge his wares, but ladies do not like it. They will not be served by him again. I shall probably be forced to discharge the poor fellow, though he means well."

A trustee of one of our colleges was asked why Professor Blank was held in comparatively light esteem as a teacher. "He is a learned man, accurate and earnest in his teaching," said the inquirer, "and an honorable gentleman. Yet inferior men are advanced in general esteem, while he remains just where he began ten years ago."

"There is but one cause for his failure," was the reply, "his untidy habits. How can it be otherwise with a man who comes on the platform with soiled linen, a greasy coat and black finger-nails? He looks like a tramp. Good and wise as he is, he does not command the respect of the students."

Dr. Weir Mitchell in a lecture to nurses said that competent, earnest women sometimes fail in the sick-room, because of some peculiarity of habit, which renders them unpleasant to their patients. Among these was the use of perfumes. No well-bred persons will carry about a scent which may be offensive to half the people whom they meet.

Men and women in every department of life find their usefulness impaired by some little habit often unconsciously acquired. A sensible, friendly woman finds that her companions, after a few moment's conversation with her, look bored and manage to leave her. She is wounded and perplexed. No one has told her that she has an annoying habit of talking only about herself, or of giggling at the end of each sentence, which wearies the most patient listener.

A clergyman of piety and much talent was unpopular in every parish over which he had charge, because of his brusque, harsh manner of speaking.

Such little weights have burdened and hindered usefulness and success in many a human life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Willis J. Abbott, secretary of the Illinois commission to the Cotton States and International Exposition, visited Atlanta and selected a site in Piedmont Park for the Illinois Building. Mr. Abbott says that Chicago will come to Atlanta in force. The Illinois Building will be forty feet square and will be a handsome structure. The Illinois commission to the Exposition has gone to work with a will to prepare the exhibit for that State. Officers have been elected and arrangements made to open offices in Chicago. These offices will be kept open until the middle of September for the convenience of the exhibitors, after which date the headquarters will be transferred to Atlanta.

Mr. F. W. Snow, one of the Commissioners from New York to the Cotton States and International Exposition, has been in Atlanta during the past week arranging for the erection of the New York Building. The design for the building has been accepted, and work has already been begun. This will be one of the handsomest state buildings on the grounds. Near it will be the Pennsylvania building, which is being rapidly pushed to completion. These two States will occupy one of the highest points on the grounds, and their edifices will add greatly to the architectural beauty of that part of the Exposition grounds.

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Announcements

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

All Souls Church, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street, W. W. Fenn, Minister.

Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street, M. H. Harris, Minister.

Ethical Culture Society, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

Friends' Society, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

Independent Liberal Church, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View, T. G. Milsted, Minister.

K. A. M. Congregation (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

Oak Park Unity Church (Universalist), R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

People's Church (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

Ryder Chapel (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

St. Paul's Church (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

Sinai Congregation (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

Third Unitarian Church, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

Unity Church (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Minister.

Zion Congregation (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

At All Souls Church Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, will speak at 11 A. M. on "Working Women in Two Belated Trades."

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